NUMB. CCCCXXXVIII.

The SPECTATOR.

-------- Animum rege qui niſi paret
Imperat -------- Hor.

Wedneſday, July 23. 1712.

IT is a very common Expreſſion, That ſuch a one is very good-natur'd, but very paſſionate. The Expreſſion indeed is very good-natur'd, to allow paſſionate People ſo much Quarter: But I think a paſſionate Man deſerves the leaſt indulgence imaginable. It is ſaid, it is ſoon over; that is, all the Miſchief he does is quickly diſpatch'd, which, I think, is no great Recommendation to Favour. I have known one of theſe good-natur'd paſſionate Men ſay in a mix'd Company, even to his own Wife or Child, ſuch Things as he moſt inveterate Enemy of his Family would not have ſpoke, even in Imagination. It is certain, that quick Senſibility is inſeparable from a ready Underſtanding; but why ſhould not that good Underſtanding call to it all its Force on ſuch Occaſions, to maſter that hidden Inclination to Anger. One of the greateſt Fools now in the World is the moſt ſubject by Nature to Anger, and yet ſo famous from a Conqueſt of himſelf this Way, that he is the known Example when you talk of Temper and Command of a Man's ſelf. To contain the Spirit of Anger, is the worthieſt Diſcipline we can put our ſelves to. When a Man has made any Progreſs this Way, a frivolous Fellow in a Paſſion, is to him as contemptible as a froward Child. It ought to be the Study of every Man, for his own Quiet and Peace. When he ſtands combuſtible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, Life is as uneaſie to himſelf as it is to all about him. *Syncropius* leads, of all Men living, the moſt ridiculous Life; he is ever offending, and begging Pardon. If his Man enters the Room without what he ſent for, *That Blockhead*, begins he---*Gentlemen, I aſk your Pardon; but Servants now-a-days*--- The wrong Plates are laid, they are thrown into the Middle of the Room; his Wife ſtands by in Pain for him, which he ſees in her Face, and anſwers as if he had heard all ſhe was thinking; *Why, what the Devil! Why don't you take Care to give Orders in theſe Things?* His Friends ſit down to a taſteleſs Plenty of every thing, every Minute expecting new Inſults from his impertinent Paſſions. In a Word, to eat with, or viſit *Syncropius*, is no other than going to ſee him exerciſe his Family, exerciſe their Patience, and his own Anger.

It is monſtrous that the Shame and Confuſion in which this good natur'd angry Man muſt needs behold his Friends while he thus lays about him, does not give him ſo much Reflection as to create an Amendment. This is the moſt ſcandalous Diſuſe of Reaſon imaginable; all the harmleſs Part of him is no more than that of a Bull-Dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of theſe good-natur'd angry Men ſhall, in an Inſtant, aſſemble together ſo many Alluſions to ſecret Circumſtances, as are enough to diſſolve the Peace of all the Families and Friends he is acquainted with, in a Quarter of an Hour, and yet the next Moment be the beſt natur'd Man in the whole World. If you would ſee Paſſion in its Purity, without Mixture of Reaſon, behold it repreſented in a mad Hero, drawn by a mad Poet. *Nat. Lee* makes his *Alexander* ſay thus:

Away, begon, and give a Whirlwind Room,
Or I will blow you up like Duſt! Avaunt;
Madneſs but meanly repreſents my Toil,
Eternal Diſcord!
Fury! Revenge! Diſdain and Indignation!
Tear my ſwoln Breaſt, make way for Fire and Tempeſt.
My Brain is burſt, Debate and Reaſon quench'd;
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack, while Paſſions, like the Wind,
Riſe up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars.

Every paſſionate Fellow in Town talks half the Day with as little Conſiſtency, and threatens Things as much out of his Power.

The next diſagreeable Perſon to the outragious Gentleman, is one of a much lower Order of Anger, and he is what we commonly call a peeviſh Fellow. A peeviſh Fellow is one who has ſome Reaſon in himſelf for being out of Humour, or has a natural Incapacity for Delight, and therefore diſturbs all who are happier than himſelf with Piſhes and Pſhaws, or other well-bred Interjections, at every thing that is ſaid or done in his Preſence. There ſhould be Phyſick mix'd in the Food of all which theſe Fellows eat in good Company. This Degree of Anger paſſes, forſooth, for a Delicacy of Judgment, that won't admit of being eaſily pleas'd: But none above the Character of wearing a peeviſh

viſh Man's Livery, ought to bear with his ill Manners. All Things among Men of Senſe and Condition ſhould paſs the Cenſure, and have the Protection, of the Eye of Reaſon.

No Man ought to be tolerated in an habitual Humour, Whim, or Particularity of Behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for Bread. Next to the peeviſh Fellow is the Snarler. This Gentleman deals mightily in what we call the Irony, and as theſe ſort of People exert themſelves moſt againſt thoſe below them, you ſee their Humour beſt, in their Talk to their Servants. That is ſo like you, you are a fine fellow, thou art the quickeſt Head-piece, and the like. One would think the Hectoring, the Storming, the Sullen, and all the different Species and Subordinations of the Angry ſhould be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned Men, and how pityful is the Condition of being only ſuffered? But I am interrupted by the Pleaſanteſt Scene of Anger and the Diſappointment of it that I have ever known, which happen'd while I was yet Writing, and I over-heard as I ſat in the Back-room at a French Bookſellers. There came into the Shop a very learned Man with an erect Solemn Air, and tho' a Perſon of great Parts otherwiſe, ſlow in underſtanding any thing which makes againſt himſelf. The Compoſure of the faulty Man, and the whimſical perplexity of him that was juſtly angry, is perfectly New: After turniug over many Volumes, ſaid the Seller to the Buyer, *Sir, you know I have long asked you to ſend me back the firſt Volume of French Sermons I formerly lent you*; Sir, ſaid the Chapman I have often looked for it but cannot find it; It is certainly loſt, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is ſo many Years ago; *then Sir, here is the other Volume, I'll ſend you home that, and pleaſe to pay for both.* My Friend, reply'd he can'ſt thou be ſo Senſeleſs as not to know that one Volume is as imperfect in my Library as your Shop. *Yes, Sir, but it is you have loſt the firſt Volume, and to be ſhort I will be Paid.* Sir, anſwer'd the Chapman you are a Young Man, your Book is loſt, and learn by this little Loſs to bear much greater Adverſities, which you muſt expect to meet with. *Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I muſt, but I have not loſt now, for I ſay you have it and ſhall Pay me.* Friend you grow Warm, I tell you the Book is loſt, and I foreſee in the Courſe even of a proſperous Life, that you will meet Afflictions to make you Mad, if you cannot bear this Trifle. *Sir, there is in this Caſe no need of bearing, for you have the Book.* I ſay, Sir, I have not the Book, but your Paſſion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn Reſignation of your ſelf to the Diſtreſſes of this Life: Nay do not fret and fume, it is my Duty to tell you that you are of an impatient Spirit, and an impatient Spirit is never without Woe. *Was ever any thing like this?* Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The Loſs is but a Trifle, but your Temper is Wanton, and incapable of the leaſt Pain; therefore let me adviſe you, be Patient, the Book is loſt, but do not you for that reaſon loſe your ſelf.

Acted but once theſe Twelve Years.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, on Friday next, being the 25th of July, will be reviv'd a Comedy, call'd Love and a Bottle. Written by the late Mr. George Farquer. The Part of Squire Mockmode to be perform'd by Mr. Bullock, Roebuck Mr. Mills, Lovewell Mr. Bullock, Jun. Lyulch Mr. Johnſon, Pamphlet Mr. Norris, Club Mr. Penethman, Bruſh Mr. Pack, Lucinda Mrs. Rogers, Leanthe Miſs Willis. By Her Majeſty's Command no Perſons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

AT the famous Water-Theatre of the late Ingenious Mr. Winſtanly, will continue to be ſhewn a Fortnight longer this Seaſon every Evening between 5 and 6 of the Clock. There is the greateſt Curioſities in Water-works, the like was never performed before; with ſeveral new things added this Day. There is Fire mingling with the Water, which plays in various Shapes with ſeveral Sorts of Liquors both hot and Cold, which are given to the Spectators. To Morrow being Thurſday the 24th of July, will be an Entertainment of Muſick both Vocal and Inſtrumental added to the Water-works, the Muſick beginning at 5 of the Clock. Boxes that Night 3 s. Pit 2 s. 6 d. firſt Gallery 2 s. Upper Gallery 6 d. It is at the lower End of Piccadilly towards Hide park, and is known by a Wind-mill on the top of it.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

Dutch Alliances: Or, a plain Proof of their Obſervance of Treaties: Exemplify'd in the Particulars of their Inhuman Treatment of their Friends and Confederates, the Engliſh, at Amboyna, in order to diſpoſſeſs them of that and the other Spice Iſlands in the Eaſt Indies. Made publick from a Manuſcript never before printed, and written by Mr. Beaumont, one of the Perſons who eſcap'd that cruel Maſſacre; and, with ſeveral others, made Affidavit of theſe Barbarities in the High Court of Admiralty, London, Printed in the Year 1712. Price Six Pence.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

The Poetical Entertainer; or, Tales, Satyrs, Dialogues and Intrigues, &c. Serious and Comical, all digeſted into ſuch Verſe as is moſt agreeable to the ſeveral Subjects. To be Publiſh'd as often as Occaſion ſhall Offer, Numb. I. Sold by J. Morphew near Stationers hall, Price 6 d.

Juſt publiſhed,

Memoirs and Obſervations of the Occurrences of Europe ſince the Treaties of Nimeguen and Ryſwick, with Relation to the preſent Treaty at Utrecht; ſhewing, That it is of the laſt Importance, that England have a Footing upon the Continent. Sold by J. Morphew near Stationer's-Hall. Price 6 d.

The Britannick Beautifier; Or, the greateſt Cleanſer of the Skin in Nature, for tho' a great Secret, yet well known by its Effects, for it takes away all Spots, Pimples, Freckles, Yellowneſs, Roughneſs, Wrinkles, Morphew, Scurf, Sunburning, and the like, of a charming pretty Scent, and ſo ſafe that it may be taken inwardly without any Harm. It is ſo friendly and kind, of ſuch a noble Quality, that it makes thoſe who before were wrinkled and diſcoloured, exceeding fair, freſh, plump, and ſmooth; and if uſed after the Small-Pox, aſſuredly takes away Pits or Marks, and renders the Skin ſmooth, ſoft and fair, as hath been happily experienced, and is therefore earneſtly recommended to all that would preſerve or regain a fair Skin and fine Complection. Is ſold at 5 s a Bottle, at Mrs. Dringer a Picture ſhop, next Door to the Leg-Tavern in Fleet-ſtreet, and at Mr. Halſey's, Bookſeller, at the Plough and Harrow near the Royal-Exchange in Cornhill. N B. At the ſame Place is (and no where elſe by Retale) ſold, the long experienced Snuff for the Head-ach, ſore Eyes, &c. at 1 s. 6 d. a Box, which is ſo well known and eſteemed that it needs no further Recommendation.

The Vapours in Women infallibly Cured in an Inſtant, ſo as never to return again, by an admirable Chymical Secret, a few drops of which takes off a Fit in a Moment, diſpels Dimneſs, clears the Head, takes away all Swimming, Giddineſs, Sickneſs of Sight, Flushings in the Face, &c. to a Miracle, and moſt certainly prevents the Vapours returning again; for by Rooting out the very Cauſe it perfectly Cures as Hundreds have experienc'd: It alſo ſtrengthens the Stomach and Bowels, and cauſes Livelineſs and ſettled Health. Is ſold only at Mrs. Osborn's, Toy-ſhop, at the Red and Crown under St. Dunſtan's Church in Fleet-ſtreet, at 2 s. 6 d.

The famous Bavarian Red Liquor:

Which gives ſuch a delightful bluſhing Colour to the Cheeks of thoſe that are White or Pale, that it is not be diſtinguiſhed from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the neareſt Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the leaſt hurtful, but good in many Caſes to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully handſome and beautiful; is not ſubject to be rubb'd off like Paint, therefore cannot be diſcovered by the neareſt Friend. It is certainly the beſt Beautifier in the World Is ſold only at Mr. Poy's Toyſhop, at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard near Cheapſide, at 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle, with Directions.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.

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